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A YEAR OF CONTINENTAL LITERATURE.

I

As in previous years, we publish in this and the following number of *THE DIAL* a summary of the series of special articles on the Continental literature of the past twelvemonth contributed to 'The Athenaeum' by various writers. Our English contemporary has chosen to postpone the publication of these articles from its first July issue to its first September issue, which makes possible a more nearly complete survey of the annual product, and also accounts for the belated appearance of our own summaries. The condensations which follow are from Professor Frédericq writing for Belgium, Dr. Tille for Bohemia, Dr. Ipsen for Denmark, M. Pravieux for France, and Dr. Heilborn for Germany.

Belgian literature, as is well known, comes in both the French and the Flemish languages; and Professor Frédericq reports important works of both kinds. In the drama, Mr. Rafaël Verhulst's 'Jesus de Nazarener' and 'Reinaert de Vos' are of the first interest, the former of these plays bringing 'the Gospel story before us with a devoutness of feeling and a respect for the great personality of Christ which makes us almost forget the audacity of the author.' 'A Pastor,' by Mr. Jan Bruylants, 'paints the ideal portrait of a Catholic priest in a Flemish village, who refuses to soil his robe in the mire of political dissension and opens his arms to the repentent sinner.' 'Rina,' by Mr. Lodewijk Scheltjens, the dramatist of the proletariat, is called 'one of the most powerful works which have been put on the Flemish stage in our time.' Among books of French verse, we note the veteran M. E. Picard's 'Ainsi Nait, Vit, Meurt l'Amour' and M. E. Verhaeren's 'Les Tendresses Premières.' In fiction, the first book to be mentioned is 'Les Cadets de Brabant,' by M. Léopold Courouble, the creator of the Kakebroek family. The best of the year's fiction is Flemish, and includes the following works. 'The Burgomaster of Antwerp,' by Mr. Pol de Mont, 'is the story of a legendary Bluebeard who wished successively to murder his seven wives.' 'The Tranquil Constellation,' by Mr. Herman Teirlinck, is 'a singularly penetrating picture of the life and sentiments of the down-trodden peasants of Flanders.' Mr. Stijn

Streuvels, in 'Village Love,' has produced his first long novel, 'a work full of supple strength and picturesque realism.' Mr. Cyriel Buysse's 'After Marriage' 'probes the inmost heart of a young husband. A gifted painter, wealthy and artistic, he has married a woman who does not understand him, and who deceives him in the most vulgar manner possible.' Miss Virginie Loveling, 'for many years at the head of Flemish literature in Belgium,' has written 'The Apple of Discord,' a deeply original work which describes 'the struggle, so frequent in Flanders, between a free-thinking father and a mother rigidly determined on the moral and religious education of their child.' Works of history, biography, and social science are numerous, but none of them seem to be of a nature to attract much attention outside of the country in which they have been written.

Dr. V. Tille, writing of Bohemian letters, tells us that 'an ever-growing endeavour after a modern national novel and a raising of the drama, be it on historical or social basis, stands in the foreground.' The most important attempts to produce a modern national novel are Mr. Simacek's 'Hungry Hearts' and Mr. Sova's 'Expeditions of the Poor.' The new drama is illustrated by 'Princes,' a tragedy of the Bohemian middle ages, the work of Mr. Vrchlicky, the foremost Bohemian poet. It 'represents in strong lines the horrors of fratricidal strife for a throne.' Another drama of high rank is Mr. Kvapil's 'Clouds,' which 'represents a young Roman Catholic theologian who falls in love with a famous actress, his playmate in childhood's years.' In verse, Mr. Machar 'has made a new sensation' by four books of sonnets on the seasons, 'in which he treats a great variety of subjects in his original and sharply-pointed style,' while 'wide circles of readers have been interested by Mr. F. X. Prochaska's "Songs of Hradecany," which have gone through several editions.' The new feminism is making its influence felt in Bohemian literature, and women figure conspicuously every year among the writers of fiction, poetry, and the drama.

Dr. Alfred Ipsen's review of Danish literature has to do duty this year for the whole of Scandinavia, since reports from both Norway and Sweden are missing. He notes the paradoxical fact that 'though the purchasers of books are getting fewer, the number of those who write them is constantly growing.' Every man his own author would seem to be the motto of literary aspirants in Denmark. Two novels of the year are entitled 'Babel' (Babylon), and clearly result from the recent achievements of Oriental archaeology. One of them, by Herr Carl Kohl, is 'only a mass of dead

facts and dead bones,' but the other, by Mr. Niels Hoffmeyer, is described as 'a most noteworthy human document,' suggested possibly by Mr. Sienkiewicz's 'Quo Vadis,' but 'a better book, more harmonious and powerful in its construction.' Another historical novel of interest is 'Lasse Maansson,' by Herr P. F. Rist, which tells of the Swedish invasion of Denmark in the seventeenth century. 'It is the story of Paul and Virginia again, but dressed in other garments and speaking another language.' Important novels of modern life are 'Den Store Eros,' by Herr Svend Leopold, and 'Sidste Kamp,' by Herr Otto Runge. The latter 'has undertaken the task of showing the extermination of the aristocracy in our democratic time.' The life of the peasantry is illustrated by 'Sind,' a tragic tale by a young clergyman, Herr Jacob Knudsen, and the religious novel by 'Helligt Ægteskab, a plea for a sort of free love by Miss Ingeborg Maria Sick. Among works of scholarship, Professor Wimmer's book on the runic monuments of Denmark, now nearly completed, is of great value. Professor Höffding's 'Modern Philosophers,' which deals with Wundt, Nietzsche, and other thinkers of our own time, and is a sequel to his fascinating 'History of Modern Philosophy,' will probably very soon find its way into the hands of English readers.

The writer of the French survey is, as for several years past, M. Jules Pravieux, who says:

'At the outset of this review of the literary year, I have again to note the variety of works and talent to be dealt with. It is no longer the age of a well-disciplined, well-ordered literature preserved by foreseeing regulations from the perils of individualism. Several French writers do not cease to deplore the fact, which must be again recorded, that we have no new school to replace the old. There are as many schools as artists. Should we regret it? Not so much as some would wish to do. All schools, like all systems, are necessarily restrictive. Our literature needs neither a new school nor a new formula. It needs nothing but original and genuine talent, and that this is not lacking in France at the present moment this rapid review of the literary movement will sufficiently prove.'

The drama naturally occupies the first place, and the number of plays characterized is considerable, although only a small fraction of the thousand or more which, according to M. Claretie, are annually submitted to the Théâtre Français. We have space to mention a few only. MM. Lavedan and Lenôtre, in 'Varennes,' have dealt with the episode of the flight and capture of Louis XVI. MM. de Caillavet, de Flers, and Jeoffrin, in 'La Montansier,' have told the story of a famous actress of a hundred years ago. M. Paul Hervieu in 'Le Dédale,' has exploited the idea of 'the eternal vassalage of woman' in a melodramatic manner. M. Maurice Donnay, in 'Le Retour de Jérusalem,'

'Tries to prove that there exists between the Jewish and the Aryan races so ingrained a discord, such a profound divergence of ideas and of sentiments, that the union of two beings belonging to these dissimilar races is doomed to unhappiness, and leads by an inevitable descent to rupture, if not hate, so that all fusion between them is chimerical and detrimental.'

M. Albert Guinon, in 'Décadence,' portrays a similar racial conflict. M. Jean Moreas, in 'Iphigénie' has written a classical play of Euripidean inspiration. M. Jean Richépin, in 'Falstaff,' has 'done with Shakespeare what Plautus and Terence did with Menander'; that is, he has made a single lengthy work, by selection and combination, out of the Shakespearian material. It is interesting to learn that M. Pinero's 'The Second Mrs. Tanqueray' has had a well-deserved success on the Parisian stage. The 'poets in France are not moribund either from poverty or exhaustion,' as is attested by the annual production of six hundred or more volumes of new verse. Those of the past year include 'Lueurs et Flammes,' by Mlle. Vacaresco; 'Les Visions Sincères,' by M. Jacques Normand; 'Les Roses de Laurier,' by M. Clovis Hugues; 'La Cité des Eaux,' by M. Henri Régnier; 'Heures Lointaines,' by M. Paul Harel; 'L'Archange des Batailles,' by M. Gaston Armelin; and 'Terre Divine,' by M. Gustav Zidler. It is difficult, as M. Pravieux suggests, to make a judicious choice from the immense output of the year's fiction. M. de Vogué 'Le Maître de la Mer' is a novel that 'brings forward one of the most vital questions of modern life—the conflict between two forces, militarism and patriotism on the one hand, ever demanding fresh worlds to conquer, so that the national flag may be planted thereon; on the other the exclusively practical spirit, which trades with gold rather than sentiments.' The MM. Margueritte in their 'La Commune,' bring to an end their series of novels upon the War of 1870 and its consequences. M. Fernand Dacre has woven into the web of 'La Race' a 'condensed and triumphant criticism of international theories.' In 'Le Vertige Passionnel,' by M. René Fath, we have 'a story of strong passions, in which, by means of a series of very bold situations, the reader is led up to a climax of somewhat mixed morality.' A few other novels are 'La Peur de Vivre,' by M. Henry Bordeaux; 'Bon Plaisir,' by M. de Régnier; 'Portraits d'Aïeules,' by M. André Lichtenberger; and 'Trois Dots,' by M. d'Azambuja. It is evident, concludes the writer,

'That of all classes of French literature to-day fiction is the most prolific. But at this point the public begins to manifest some signs of satiety, and turns with a curiosity which increases every year towards historical works, memoirs, and autobiogra-

phies. All such writings are eagerly welcomed, and must indeed be mediocre to obtain no success. Yet; it almost seems as though the public were weary of fiction, and appreciated the certainty of truth which these narratives and descriptions offer. It seems, also, that the aesthetic education of the public has reached such a pitch that it can now extract for itself whatever possibilities of literary pleasure the raw material may contain, and that it prefers to do such work rather than receive it ready-made from a skilled artist. And however small the harvest, the effort made, as well as the result attained, gives satisfaction.'

Historical works of the year include M. Masson's 'Napoléon et Son Fils,' M. Stenger's 'La Société Française pendant le Consulat,' and Cardinal Mathieu's 'Le Concordat de 1801.' In literary criticism there is M. Brunetiére's 'Cinq Lettres sur Ernest Renan,' reactionary, of course, but a masterly example of controversial writing; M. F. Loliée's 'Histoire des Littératures Comparées'; M. E. Schuré's 'Précurseurs et Révoltés,' dealing with Shelley, Nietzsche, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, and others; and M. F. Veuillot's 'Les Prédicateurs de la Scène,' which 'studies from the moral standpoint the trend of modern thought as depicted in the most favourably received modern plays.' M. Pravieux concludes his remarks by saying:

'If in this review of the literary production of the year I look for any general movement, I notice nearly everywhere—in fiction, the drama, and in other branches of intellectual activity—a very marked tendency towards the study of social problems. Literature is influenced by the revival which seems to be affecting the social, moral, and political world.'

Dr. Ernest Heilborn, discoursing of things German, begins by saying that the great stage successes of the year have been, not new productions, but the 'Götz' of Goethe and the 'Minna von Barnhelm' of Lessing. The most significant of the new plays have been those which have 'attempted to solve the problem of life with a special view to the artist, or at least to the artistic temperament.' Herr Arthur Schnitzler has treated of this problem in 'Der Einsame Weg.' Herr von Hoffmansthal's 'Electra' is a Sophoclean drama which makes us 'feel what a contrast there is between the feeble, sickly sentiment of our moderns and the strength and purity of the ancients.' In his 'Stella und Antonie,' Herr Bierbaum 'has turned to the poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, listened to its music, and revived its graceful, lyrical atmosphere.' In Herr Frank Wedekind's 'So Ist das Leben,' a fanciful mixture of farce and tragedy, 'romanticism, with its audacious irony and its delight in popular song, comes to life once more.' Herr Hauptmann's latest play is 'Rose Berndt,' a Silesian tragedy, realistic in method, embodying 'the feeling of repeated and overwhelming

suffering.' 'Der Strom,' by Herr Max Halbe, discusses the right of primogeniture, investing the subject in 'an atmosphere of gloom and melodrama.' Herr Fulda's new play takes us back to the world of the Renaissance, and discusses, by means of the first lady doctor of law of Bologna, the question of woman's emancipation. 'Der Meister,' by Herr Hermann Bahr, has adultery for its theme, and for its hero a complacent piece of self-portraiture. Finally, the new comedy of Herr Sudermann, entitled 'Der Sturmgeselle Sokrates,' presents the liberal revolutionary feeling of 1848 as it survives in this later generation, and the inevitable conflict which it entails between fathers and sons. The play is described as both tedious and unsuccessful. The following comment upon the present condition of the stage is highly significant:

'If the real merit of the revolt in the early nineties consisted mainly in the fact that the stage was once more opened to works of serious literature which made no concessions to popular taste, and that it brought all superficial and sensational methods into disrepute, assuredly some of the whilom leaders in that struggle have long since returned to a calculated and unscrupulous stagecraft. They worship to-day the idols that they burnt ten years ago.'

The greatest fictional success of the year is reported to have been achieved by the anonymous 'Briefe, Die Ihn nicht Erreichten,' which has already appeared in English. Herr Wilhelm Hegeler's 'Pastor Klingshammer' is a study of character, having for its main theme a quarrel between two brothers, one of whom eventually kills the other. Frau Ricarda Huch's 'Von den Königen und der Krone' is a romantic novel with an atmosphere of fairy-tale. Herr Peter Rosseger's 'Das Sünderglöckl' is a novel that 'preaches the gospel of repentance, and inveighs against fashionable vice and immorality.' Herr von Keyserling's 'Beate und Mareile' is based upon a marriage problem. 'A count forsakes his quiet, fair-haired wife for a woman of ardent, impulsive temperament, but finally grows weary, longs for rest, and returns again to her arms.' Four volumes of new poetry are the posthumous 'Erntezzeit' of Wilhelm von Polenz, in whose pages 'manly sincerity and mature philosophy are everywhere in evidence'; 'Peregrinas Sommerabende,' by Frau Irene Forbes-Mosse, inspired by the romantic renaissance; 'Die Singende Sünde,' by Herr Georg Busse-Palma, a book 'full of passion,' which 'over and over again sings of glowing kisses in country lane or arbour'; and 'Die Lockende Geige,' by Herr Hans Müller, 'a delicate and intimate piece of work.' Outside of the range of belletristic literature, Dr. Heilborn has almost nothing to report, but rather because his space is already filled than from a lack of material about which to write.

The New Books.

MEMOIRS OF AN ENGLISH SCHOLAR.*

Readers of Edward FitzGerald will need no formal introduction to Professor Edward Byles Cowell, the distinguished Sanskritist of Cambridge University, whose death a year and a half ago was a decided loss to the learned world. How pleasantly we now recall those Persian and Spanish readings, *à deux*, at one time at Woodbridge, and again at Cambridge! With what ease and grace could the great scholar and linguist illuminate, from the resources of comparative philology and a range of reading that seemed literally boundless, even the most commonplace as well as the most puzzling passages in his old friend's favorite 'Don'! As characteristic of the born teacher and linguist, take this one sentence from his early letters to his betrothed, fourteen years and more his senior, to whom he was giving Sanskrit lessons by mail, — 'Remember, we have a real difficulty, a crowning one (*real* in Spanish means "royal") (ought I not to be more serious, more like a grave *pedant* in thus coming to this terrible point?)' He was then not yet twenty years old, his lady love thirty-four. No wonder his schoolmates at first thought he had succumbed to an unwarranted attack on his liberty; but all prejudice was straightway overcome as soon as they made the acquaintance of Elizabeth Charlesworth, whose bright intelligence and high ideals made her universally admired, and whose warm sympathy with all her young husband's aspirations and cordial interest in his friends could not but win the latter's hearty liking. That she exerted no little influence in shaping Cowell's career and in bringing him the honors that crowned his later years, becomes very apparent in reading his biography.

The discouragements Cowell had to contend against in youth were not light. His father, an Ipswich merchant, died when Edward was only sixteen, making it necessary for him, as the eldest of the six children, to leave school and assume control of the business. Eight years of bondage to 'the desk's dead wood' followed, until the next brother was able to mount the office stool and relieve him. Yet with an uncomplaining industry that would have put Charles Lamb to the blush, he accomplished in that time a really prodigious amount of reading and study and writing; so that when, at the age of twenty-four, he yielded to the urgent solicitations of his wife and of his

* LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD BYLES COSELL, M. A. Hon. D.C.L., OXON., Hon. LL.D., EDIN., Professor of Sanskrit, Cambridge, 1867-1903. By George Cowell, F. R. S. C. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

friend Kitchin, and presented himself for matriculation at Oxford, he must have possessed 'a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor,' but without the corresponding 'degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy might have been ashamed.' The fact alone that he had, almost unassisted, gained a good knowledge of Sanskrit, will attest his extraordinary power of application. To enumerate the other languages, ancient and modern, that he had also mastered, in a literary way, would require too much space; and the books in those tongues which he had not only read but critically studied, as evidenced by his early magazine articles and reviews, are fairly bewildering in their range and number. His biographer has good reason to call him a 'gourmand' in reading; but, what the gourmand too often fails to do, he digested and assimilated all that he read, showing powers of memory and quickness of insight that are truly remarkable.

The remaining principal events in his life may here be briefly given, after which a few quotations, chiefly from his letters, will serve to illustrate what manner of man he was. His biographer, Mr. George Cowell, is his cousin, and writes with all the sympathy and appreciation of an admiring kinsman. It was in the summer of 1856, as he tells us, that Cowell, at the age of thirty, sailed with his wife for India to assume the professorship of English history and political economy at the Presidency College, Calcutta. There he remained seven and a half years, teaching not only his assigned subjects, but also various other branches as need arose, and, after a few years, undertaking in addition the principalship of the Sanskrit College and infusing new life into that school. Reading and writing meanwhile went on uninterruptedly, and soon it was found that he could give points in Sanskrit even to the Pundits, although of course as specialists in separate branches of Sanskrit lore they were his superiors. The inevitable effect of climate compelled his return to England before he had intended; and three years later came his triumphant election to the newly established Cambridge professorship of Sanskrit which he held until his death in 1903.

Going back now to that remarkable series of letters — one can hardly call them love letters — which he wrote to Miss Charlesworth, we chance on a characteristic bit in connection with the pronunciation of the Sanskrit labials.

'It reminds me of years and years ago, when I was a little boy at school, and when I used to be very naughty and talk in school hours, and I found out that the master could never see me talking unless when I pronounced these very labial letters, and therefore I used to avoid them in conversation to my neighbors, lest my lips should move and betray me.'

A later letter to his friend Kitchin — the present Dean of Durham, it will be understood — gives a pleasing glimpse of the young scholar's hopes and aspirations.

'I have the pleasure to tell you that that paper on "Homer and Firdusi" which I wrote while you were staying with me was published in the *Gentlemen's Magazine* this month, and this morning I received a postoffice order for it. . . . I am going every now and then to send them papers about Oriental subjects. This will give an additional vigor to my Oriental studies, and I hope to push them on with some hopes of success. When I know *Sanskrit*, which, you know, is a field that has not been made commonplace or trite, I hope to bring my acquaintance with Greek and Latin and Persian to bear upon that as a *focus*, and I hope to trace out the influence of the *Greek* mind upon the Hindu mind through Alexander's conquests and colonies. There is great connection between the two languages, and I expect there is equally a connection between the habits of thought and the *ideas* themselves of the two nations.'

Here the ardent scholar is far more in evidence than the practised writer, as the reader will have noted. The part of Cowell's life that seems to have given him most pleasure in the living, and most satisfaction in the retrospect, was his term of service in India. As the climate made sedentary pursuits a necessity, he adapted himself to conditions and accomplished an enormous amount of reading, editing, and writing, besides his teaching. The comparative coolness of the early morning he devoted to literary occupation. At half-past five we see him seated on his board verandah, where he read and wrote for three hours before breaking his fast. Indeed, many a time he was too deeply engrossed to note the coming of his morning cutlet, and one of the crows that abound in Calcutta would often swoop down and carry off his breakfast. From a letter home we take the following:

'We were amused at one part of your last letter, which mentioned Indian luxuries, and when you expressed some fear as to how we should relish plain English fare after the delicacies of the tropics. The fact is India has no luxuries or delicacies, — the finest Indian things are inferior to third rate things in England. There is nothing good in India which is not very inferior and five times, ten times dearer than the corresponding thing in England. We live almost entirely on legs of mutton, chickens, ducks and eggs; and none of them is to be compared in size or flavor with those in England. I never touch any of the preserves. Guava is the best and it is very beautiful to look at, but I can't bear its excessive sweetness. Then all the fruit (as I read in Hooker's *Himalayas* before I came out) is very insipid and poor; and it is not very wholesome either. I generally keep to plantains, which are like a *very* poor pear, grafted on a potato. The only luxury in India is the *Pundit*, and that you can't get in England. I always say that to those who don't care about the languages and the people, residence in India must be very disagreeable.'

No one who has any knowledge of Professor

Cowell's extreme modesty will be surprised that he protested against the publication of Edward FitzGerald's encomiums in the 'Letters' edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright. He declared that he was not learned in the Cambridge sense, although he was forced to admit that he had read widely. Akin to this insistence on a modest estimate of himself was his conscientiousness in even the smallest particulars. A niece of Mrs. Cowell gives this illustration:

'An instance occurs to me in connection with his correspondence with one of the old Indian Pundits with whom he had studied in India. I noticed that in despatching a letter to him he had a special method of moistening the envelope from a saucer of water. On my asking the reason, he explained that a Brahman would consider it defilement to touch an envelope that had been moistened with the tongue. "But would he feel safe," I asked, "in your case from the possibility of your doing things in the usual way?" The reply was, "He has my word for it."

That Cowell's name is to-day almost unknown to the great reading public is less to be wondered at when we remember that literary aspirations soon became secondary with him. It was in keeping with the unaffected piety of his nature that he grew to be more interested in his occupation of enlightening young minds, in taking part in missionary work, and in making himself, as he expressed it, 'an instrument under God for doing some good.' Thus it is that we find more to charm in one letter of that delightful old pagan FitzGerald than in all his erudite friend's scholarly writings. A number of these letters are now first published, and are welcome additions to the volume, although they contain nothing of extraordinary interest. What the two correspondents and devoted friends had pre-eminently in common was the quality of self-effacement. Each proved his greatness by never knowing that he excelled.

The editor's task has been no light one, and it has been very satisfactorily executed. Such minor errors as the book contains are too few and too unimportant to call for individual mention. Two good portraits of Cowell add greatly to the value of the work, and the reader only regrets that Mrs. Cowell's likeness is not also given, as she was no less remarkable in her way than he in his.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

Perhaps the most interesting special number yet issued by 'The International Studio' (John Lane) is the one devoted to 'The Royal Academy, from Reynolds to Millais,' recently published. A half-dozen articles by various writers, numerous facsimile letters, and a profusion of fine illustrations in photogravure, color, and half-tone, serve to present a most illuminating record of each section of the Academy from its inception to the year 1868. Mr. Charles Holme is the editor of the volume.

THE CULT OF MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

If Matthew Arnold had foreseen the way in which his wish to be known to posterity through his writings, and not through biographies, would affect his future reputation, he might easily have avoided all the fighting to which his disciples are now forced in his defense. Few writers have been so beloved and appreciated by the literary men of their own time. Their regard was a continual source of wonder, even to him. 'Swinburne fairly took my breath away,' he writes. 'I must say the general public praise me in the dubious style in which old Wordsworth used to praise Bernard Barton, James Montgomery, and such-like; and the writers of poetry, on the other hand, — Browning, Swinburne, Lytton, — praise me as the general public praises its favorites. This is a curious reversal of the usual order of things.' Under such circumstances, it was only his expressed desire to the contrary which kept his friends among the large-souled men who were able to appreciate him from using their pens to write his praises.

Some of his letters, with most of his loving good-nature and brilliant raillery 'blue pencilled' as too personal, were published in 1895, and with them the storm broke. All the little men of letters, the whole tribe of Pennyalinus, were upon him in full force, scoffing at his poetry, arguing against his politics, shouting and screaming against his theology. Until a year or two ago, however, their work was valued at its just worth, and might have remained unnoticed had not so well-known a critic as Mr. Herbert W. Paul departed from his usual just and temperate tone and written a biography of Arnold which is not a criticism but a censorship; which quotes every poor line the poet ever wrote, and barely notes his best work; which is calculated to produce an impression of its subject paralleled only by Mark Antony's oration, and leaves the reader thankful that it is Arnold and not Browning who is being judged by his poorest work. Immediately Arnold's admirers felt themselves bound to take up the cudgel in his behalf; but their best efforts are weakened by the fact that their position is one of defense, and must remain so for some time to come. To do Matthew Arnold justice it will require that some one who is not an Englishman, some one whose perspective is large enough to include the universal appli-

* MATTHEW ARNOLD, and his Relation to the Thought of our Time. An Appreciation and a Criticism. By William Harbutt Dawson. With portrait. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. By G. W. E. Russell. Illustrated. Literary Lives Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cation of Arnold's philosophy, should see his religion apart from his theology and its relation to establishment and nonconformity, to decide disinterestedly whether his liberalism was conservative or radical, and above all to enjoy his humor without feeling the thrusts from his penetrating shafts.

As far as it is possible for Englishmen to rate him correctly, however, it has been done by Mr. William Harbutt Dawson in his 'Matthew Arnold and his Relation to the Thought of Our Time,' and by Mr. G. W. E. Russell in his life of Arnold recently published in Scribner's series of 'Literary Lives.' Neither book is a biography, in the full sense of being a history, an estimate, and an analysis. Mr. Russell's book, which is a survey of the effect that Arnold produced by his writings and a study of his method, serves as a good supplement to Mr. Dawson's statement of Arnold's philosophy, which he prefaces as follows:

'There is to-day a cult of Matthew Arnold; it is growing; it must grow. It will grow because many tendencies of the age are in its favor; still more because many influences are opposed to it, and because the healthiest instincts of human nature and the deepest interests of civilization require that it shall combat these opposing influences and overcome them. The cult of Matthew Arnold is the cult of idealism, using the word not, of course, in its philosophical sense, but as indicating the pursuit of perfection as the worthiest working principle of life.'

It is this pursuit of universal perfection that Arnold stands for most definitely. It is the preaching of this doctrine that led the practical men of his age to call him unscientific, a dreamer, unaware of the great strong current of individualism which controlled English life. And so slowly have the forces of civilization worked that even to-day, when all economists admit the natural evolution from 'involuntary social coöperation to voluntary social coöperation,' when the *laissez-faire* theory is as dead as the men who fostered it, the mass of men will not see that Arnold was right when he claimed that it was not progress, but lack of progress, which dictated the worship of material advancement. 'Your middle class man thinks it the highest pitch of development and civilization when his letters are carried twelve times a day from Islington to Camberwell, and from Camberwell to Islington, and if railway trains run to and fro between them every quarter of an hour. He thinks it is nothing that trains only carry him from an illiberal, dismal life at Islington to an illiberal, dismal life at Camberwell; and the letters only tell him that such is the life there.'

If Matthew Arnold was sometimes unjust to the men of science, if, in his devotion to his cause and his love for the 'grand old fortify-

ing classical curriculum,' he was inclined to give undue prominence to the humanities in the scheme of education,—it was not because he was narrow-minded, but because he saw clearly that while beauty and truth and color were without, away from the self of a man, happiness and love and understanding and culture must come from within. The men of science had become so accustomed to the microscope and the magnifying glass that they had lost the use of their inner eyes; and this to Arnold was not only weakness, but wickedness.

'The only absolute good, the only absolute and eternal object prescribed to us by God's law, or the divine order of things, is the progress towards perfection,—our own progress toward it and the progress of humanity. Culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even greater!—the passion for making them PREVAIL. It is not satisfied till we ALL come to a perfect man; it knows that the sweetness and light of the few must be imperfect until the raw and unkindled masses of humanity are touched with sweetness and light. So all our fellow-men, in the East of London and elsewhere, we must take along with us in the progress toward perfection, if we ourselves really, as we profess, want to be perfect; and we must not let the worship of any fetish, any machinery, such as manufactures or population,—which are not, like perfection, absolute goods in themselves, though we think them so,—create for us such a multitude of miserable, sunken, and ignorant human beings, that to carry them along is impossible, and perforce they must for the most part be left by us in their degredation and wretchedness.'

Besides being a splendid piece of writing, and in thought a whole generation in advance of its time, that is practical social economy. So is all of 'Culture and Anarchy,' and in a totally different vein so is that characteristically brilliant and satirical series called 'Friendship's Garland.' Neither these nor the other of Arnold's social or educational writings are open to the criticism of lacking absolute present value, of being without the vital principle to work from, which attaches to his religious system. Of the fault in the latter, Mr. Dawson speaks the last word, after having wasted a great deal of time in discussing minor matters of purely theological import.

'As an ethical system, it is in theory admirable; but its positive value is in the highest degree questionable. Pascal's judgment upon the God who emerged from the philosophical investigations of René Descartes was that He was a God who was unnecessary. And one may with even greater truth say that the man who is able to receive and live by the religion which Arnold offers him is no longer in need of its help and stimulus. To be able to appreciate an ethical idealism, a man must be already an ethical idealist. Only by a serious intellectual effort can it be apprehended, only by rigorous mental discipline can it be appropriated. It follows, however, that the one who has succeeded in apprehending and appropriating it needs the inspiration no longer; while support and consolation it is impotent to give. The religion that

aspires to be universal must meet universal needs; the religion that would be a religion of mankind must be capable of taking man at his lowest and worst and lifting him into the high places of virtue, of moral and spiritual worth. But just because, like all ethical systems, Arnold's religion presupposes a very high degree both of intellectuality and of rectitude, it, with them, is foredoomed to failure as a universal regenerating force. It will fail because it possesses no initial power of edification; it may preserve, but it cannot build up.'

Whether Arnold's political writings belong in the class of practical suggestion of reform, or with his religion in that of idealistic theories, we are still too close to decide absolutely; but the tendency of belief is toward the former. In either case, his criticisms of political methods and aims are eminently just and wise. In fact, it is always as a critic that Arnold excels. He was not naturally a man of action, and his dislike of the exaggerated material strenuousness of the age drove him almost to the other extreme. He rendered invaluable service to the cause of education during his term as inspector, but even here it is rather through his luminous reports and their critical advice than through any active work in politics; his active association with any party would probably have been less effective than his persistent pounding away at the evils of the present English class-system which has resulted in making 'the upper class materialized, the middle class vulgarized, the lower class brutalized.' The very epigrams for which he is famous, and which many critics hold to be a weakness rather than a strength from the purely literary standpoint, have been a political and social force, through their art of reproducing perfectly the idea for which they stand. The power of 'sweetness and light,' the contrast between 'Hellenism and Hebraism,' the necessity for 'Vigour and rigour,' the varying dangers to society from 'the Barbarians, the Philistines, and the Populace,'—he has familiarized us with them all, and familiarity with an idea is the first step towards embodying it in everyday practice.

Again, it is as a critic of life that Matthew Arnold has acquired his rank among the poets. That he possessed poetical powers of the first order, no one may well doubt who knows the beautiful lines from *Dover Beach*:

'The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.'

'Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.'

Arnold's power is, however, not unqualified, and Mr. Russell seems to have estimated him exactly when he writes:

'He had the poet's heart and mind, but they did not readily express themselves in the poetic medium. He longed for poetic utterance as his only adequate vent, and sought it earnestly with tears. Often he achieved it, but not seldom he left the impression of frustrated and disappointing effort, rather than of easy mastery and sure attainment. Again, if we bear in mind Milton's three-fold canon, we must admit that his poetry lacks three great elements of power. He is not simple, sensuous, or passionate. He is too essentially modern to be really simple. He is the product of a high-strung civilization, and all its complicated cross-currents of thought and feeling stir and perplex his verse. He is not sensuous except in so far as the most refined and delicate appreciation of nature in all her forms can be said to constitute a sensuous enjoyment. And then, again, he is pre-eminently not passionate. He is calm, balanced, self-controlled, sane, austere. The very qualities which are his characteristic glory make passion impossible. Another hindrance to his title as a great poet is that he is not, and could never be, a poet of the multitude. His verse lacks all popular fibre. It is the delight of scholars, of philosophers, of men who live by silent introspection or quiet communing with nature. But it is altogether remote from the stir and stress of popular life and struggle. Then, again, his tone is profoundly, though not morbidly, melancholy, and this is fatal to popularity. In brief, it seems to me that he was not a great poet, for he lacked the gifts which sway the multitude and compel the attention of mankind. But he was a true poet, rich in those qualities which make the loved and trusted teacher of a chosen few—as he himself would have said, of the "Remnant."'

If the critics are right,—if, as Mr. Paul says, Matthew Arnold was not a profound thinker; or, as Mr. Dawson says, he was not a great politician or theologian; or, as Mr. Russell says, he was not a great poet,—in what, then, was he great enough to establish and maintain a cult? The question is easily answered: He was, first of all, the great apostle and exponent of culture; he was the man above all men in his generation who knew the best that had been said and thought in all ages, who 'saw life steadily and saw it whole.' And through this, he was great as a critic and a man of letters. Even Mr. Paul concedes this.

'Matthew Arnold's literary criticism, once regarded by young enthusiasts as a revelation, has long since taken a secure place in English letters. It is penetrating as well as brilliant, conscientious as well as imaginative. Matthew Arnold may be said to have done for literature what Ruskin did for art. He reminded, or informed, the British public that criticism was a serious thing; that good criticism was just as important as good authorship; that it was not a question of individual taste, but partly of received authority, partly of trained judgment. Few critics have been so thor-

oughly original, and still fewer have had so large a share of the "daemonic" faculty, the faculty which awakens intelligent enthusiasm in others. Essays in Criticism is one of the indispensable books. Not to have read it is to be ignorant of a great intellectual event.'

Mr. Dawson writes of Arnold as one who has carefully and earnestly studied his subject, Mr. Russell adds to his less pretentious volume the charm of personal association; and both men have contributed something definite and valuable to the cause they champion. And yet, having read the opinion of all the critics on all the various phases of Arnold's nature and endeavor, there comes a desire to paraphrase the warning of the Baptist minister who advised his congregation to spend two hours reading the Bible for every hour spent in reading Arnold, and to advise the reading public to spend two hours in reading Arnold for every half-hour spent in reading *about* Arnold.

EDITH J. RICH.

THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES.*

In two large well-printed volumes, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have reissued what is probably the best known of the books of travel in the South during the slavery régime—Olmsted's 'Seaboard Slave States.' Frederick Law Olmsted was a thorough-going abolitionist of the more sensible type, born and reared in New England, and devoted to New England ideals. Until he finally discovered his talent as a landscape gardener, when he was about forty years old, Olmsted had had an easy, amateurish, and, from a worldly point of view, an unsuccessful life. He studied engineering, then he travelled, then worked in a dry-goods store, but, not liking that, pursued studies in Yale; next he tried a sailor's life, after which farming claimed his attention for a year or two; he travelled in England, and later in the Southern States as newspaper correspondent, and next he became an editor and publisher. During the Civil War he was one of the chief promoters of the Union League movement in the North, which finally organized the Negro-Republican party of the South.

The work under review was first published in 1856, and was a revision of a series of letters written to the New York 'Times' during the winter and spring of 1852-3 (not in 1853-4, as the title states) when Olmsted was on a three months' tour through the South. It comprises a description of the internal economy,

* A JOURNEY IN THE SEABOARD SLAVE STATES IN THE YEARS 1853-1854. With Remarks on their Economy. By Frederick Law Olmsted. (Originally issued in 1856.) With a Biographical Sketch by Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., and an Introduction by William P. Trent. In two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

as Olmsted saw it, of Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, together with the author's views on slavery, Southern society, Southern politics, and the economic history of the slave states. The author in his travels neglected the great plantation states—South Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama,—passing rapidly through them; in Louisiana he stopped a little longer; Mississippi he did not enter; in Virginia and North Carolina he saw more of Southern institutions.

It was Olmsted's peculiar stock of theories and prejudices that made and still makes his book such interesting reading. A hater of slavery, he had no great love for the negro. He believed that the white people, in all the relations of life, were injured by slavery, and he was of the opinion that the economic rather than the moral side of slavery was the ruinous one. In his view, all the ills of the South might be traced to the bad economic conditions produced by slavery. At the same time it is evident that Olmsted, before going South, had been fascinated by what he had heard of the patriarchal institution, Southern luxury, Southern social life, and Southern hospitality. He had formed an idea of a wicked and uneconomic but pleasant and brilliant civilization; and his disgust at what he found is amusing.

Concerning the matter of hospitality, for instance. Olmsted came South with the idea that the Southern people generally were accustomed to forcing hospitality upon the passing stranger of whatever degree, and he was greatly surprised to find that he had to pay his way just as in other sections of the country. The phrase 'Southern hospitality' finally came to anger him; he made it a point to inveigh against the tradition every time he made a note in his diary of paying a bill at one of the abominable Southern hostelleries. The class of people with whom he stayed may be judged from the fact that he usually had, as he asserted, only one sheet on his bed and that one filthy. Olmsted had a few letters of introduction to planters, and it was mainly because of these that he said a few pleasant words about Southern things and people. We wonder what kind of a book he would have written had he brought numerous letters! He was also worried by the aristocratic pretensions of the Southerners, especially of the Virginians; and he declared that most of their ancestors had been bought and sold as servants and laborers. Of the ability of Southern men in law and politics, he was very doubtful; and many are the scornful words he writes concerning them. Governor Wise of Virginia, for instance, was characterized as a 'gasconading mountebank.' South Carolina statesmen were, he thought, of an especially low order. In general he was

quite skeptical concerning Southern ability. In a place like Charleston, he admitted, people fitted to go to a dinner-party might be easily found; but he maintains that the great majority of the slave-holders were coarse and illiterate, and lower-lived than the common laborers of the North. And in his opinion the poor whites, especially those in the Black Belt, were as low as the negroes. The South Carolinians were in general 'a decayed and stultified people,' and the women of the non-slaveholding class, — a class which numbered about three hundred thousand in South Carolina, — were, he intimates, distinguished by a lack of chastity. It was mainly from Olmsted's descriptions that Cairnes, the Irish economist, formed his well-known theories of Southern society with its five million white vagabonds wandering over vast and dreary wastes.

The most valuable of Olmsted's observations were in regard to the institution of slavery. He tells us what he saw of the work, dress, food, morals, homes, and family life of the negroes, of the prices of slaves and the wages of negroes and whites. He knew nothing of the history of the negro, and took it for granted that American slavery was degrading the negro race, not uplifting it in any way. Believing that strict discipline was degrading to anyone, he was of the opinion that the stringent regulation of slavery was hurtful to the character of the slave, and he undertook to prove it by asserting that the discipline in the American Navy had bad effects on the character of the white sailors. Notwithstanding the fact that he was disgusted with the stupid negro slaves, Olmsted sometimes insisted on crediting the blacks with white sensibilities, though usually they are described as but little above the brutes. In one place he declares that cruelty and driving are necessary to make slavery pay; in another place, a planter is commended for using a system of tasks and rewards to secure willing labor, and this example is cited as the proper way to make slaves work. When denying that the slave was as well fed as the Northern laborer, he intimates that the negro was often not well fed; later we are told that he had plenty of food. The necessity of cruelty to make the slave work is constantly emphasized, as well as the increasing degradation of the slaves; but in an unguarded moment the admission is made that in the border states the condition of slaves had been bettered during the last generation, — a fact also shown by his numerous quotations from Southern authorities, which are not commented upon by him. In both North and South, the free negro was out of place, and his condition no better than that of the slave; and freed negroes sent North often returned. The descriptions of slavery,

when the traveller really came in contact with it, form what would be a not unpleasant picture if looked at through the eyes of anyone but a hostile critic who paid slight attention to the ameliorations of the institution. If the negro were inferior to the white, then he must have been doing fairly well in the life that Olmsted describes, — wages for extra work, the privileges of having poultry, pigs, gardens, fine attire for Sunday, and slight punishment. Many things picturesque and pleasant to the sight of others were harrowing to our traveller from the North.

It was in its economic aspect that the worst evils of slavery were touched upon; and here Olmsted could satisfy himself more by stating facts, and less by expressions of opinion. Reliable statistics make clear the burden upon the planter caused by the necessity of investing most of his capital in labor; but the effect upon the price of slaves of pro-slavery sentiment caused by anti-slavery agitation was not mentioned. The tendency of slavery to drive the poorer whites to the less fertile lands and to the frontiers was seen but not fully understood by the Northern farmer, who felt that slavery was a great evil to the whites, but was unable to interpret the facts he collected. He did not see what forty years of freedom have shown, that it was the negro, not slavery, that injured the economic system of the South; slavery only made the negro a more powerful instrument of evil to the poor whites. Released from the restraints of slavery, the negro no longer so seriously competes with the white laborer, because free negro labor is not as efficient as slave labor was. Slave labor was very costly labor, and Olmsted's comparisons on this point were instructive: wages for common laborers were twenty-five per cent higher in the South than in the North; the hire of a negro was more than that of a white man on the same plantation; to protect the valuable negro slaves from injury, Irish laborers were often imported to do heavy and dangerous work; it was next to impossible to keep the negro from shamming illness in order to escape work; the slave, on account of his clumsiness, could not be trusted with improved farm implements, and often had no interest in doing his work well. All this, and much more, Olmsted criticises justly; but in his eagerness to denounce slavery, he reaches the incredible. For instance, he claims that in Virginia the cost of slave labor was three hundred to four hundred per cent higher than the cost of free labor in New York, which was probably about correct. But he then proceeds to quote statistics to show that a negro in Virginia would gather in a day one-eighteenth to one-twenty-fourth as much wheat from one-eighth as much land as a laborer in New York.

Surely slavery was hardly so bad as that! He cited, as a fact to prove the worthlessness of slave labor, that the negroes would stop work to look at the passing trains!

That there was a strong anti-slavery feeling all over the South was clearly proved by Olmsted's investigations. He was interested by this sentiment, but ascribed little importance to it. There were numbers of people who wished to have slavery abolished, provided the negro could be gotten rid of. The facts quoted do not agree with the theory of the blind devotion of the South to slavery. Olmsted showed that slavery could not exist in the territories of the Northwest, yet pretended to fear slavery expansion in that direction. This was simply a reflection of the anti-slavery agitation of the time.

This Northern traveller was an easy mark for the spinners of yarns. Many wonderful tales went down into his voluminous note-books. Even the negroes guyed him, but he was perfectly serious always. He did not see the point of a joke while in the South. Many important things were overlooked: the development of the lower South after 1820, with interests somewhat distinct from those of the upper South; the rapid rise of manufacturers in the white districts; the changes being wrought in economic conditions, especially in the border states, by the introduction of improved machinery and by railroads, and above all by losing competition with the free states; the difference between the economics of the frontier and the economics of slavery; the fact that the slave was the rural mechanic of the South; — all this escaped him entirely.

On the whole, the work is of great value to the student of economic history. There is much in it that is useless, and the useless is hard to separate from the good; but what Olmsted really saw and heard is the valuable part. His facts are of value, but he was not always able to interpret them, being hampered by his strong prejudices against slavery and all that pertained to it. His opinions and theories, which might or might not have been true, are of no value except as a moderate statement of the abolitionist argument. His numerous quotations are all to support his thesis; there is no other side. He quotes Defoe's 'Moll Flanders' as an authority on early Virginia history.

To the Black Belt, emancipation has brought none of the good predicted; but it has brought good to the white districts. At times, Olmsted seemed to feel that this would be the case, though he felt bound to say that the free negro would be a better worker and better man than the slave.

As a specimen of bookmaking, the new edition is far superior to the old, although the

illustrations are unfortunately omitted. The biographical sketch, by the author's son, gives only the main facts of his life. The fourteen-page Introduction, by Professor Trent, adds nothing to the value of the work. Professor Trent says that Mr. John Morley, Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Lowell, none of whom ever saw a slave plantation, thought that the 'Seaboard Slave States' was an authority, and therefore it must be so, he reasons. He further calls attention to the fact that Olmsted saw only the unpleasant aspects of slavery, and that he was imposed upon by Texas story-tellers.

WALTER L. FLEMING.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE.*

Not the least important of the fruits of the Louisiana Purchase centenary is the extraordinary impetus it has given to historical research bearing upon that vitally important period in the expansion of the United States which is now being so widely commemorated. It is of course nothing unusual for the centenary of a great historical event to be marked by the publication of books and pamphlets and magazine articles, to meet the increased public interest stimulated by the commemorative celebrations; but it is by no means usual to find either the public interest so thoroughly aroused, or the historical literature so extensive and important, as in the present case.

It may be that this condition is largely due to the fact that the people of the United States have never really lost interest in that most picturesque and far-sighted bit of statecraft, the purchase of Louisiana from Napoleon. The acquisition of what was in Jefferson's day for the most part an unknown wilderness, tenanted only by wild tribes, seemed to many of his contemporaries a piece of extravagant madness; yet, in the light of subsequent events the sum paid was absolutely paltry, for the United States thus gained possession of an enormous territory, holding the potentialities of unlimited wealth and, what to citizens of the United States must be much more important, the seeds of national greatness. The gradual appreciation of the magnitude of the heritage thus bequeathed to the American people accounts for the fact that for a hundred years they have never really forgotten the Louisiana Purchase, and it needed no artificial stimulus to

* DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE PURCHASE AND EXPLORATION OF LOUISIANA. I., The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana, by Thomas Jefferson. II., The Exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers, by William Dunbar. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

arouse their interest in the wealth of historical material that has grown up around the subject during the past year or two.

One need not go to St. Louis to find out that the Louisiana Purchase is very much in the public eye. It is hardly possible to glance through the lists of any of the leading American publishers without meeting something new upon the subject. It may be a history of the period from some fresh point of view; a biography of one of the men who made the Louisiana Purchase possible, or explored the vast territory thus acquired; a novel with this period and this boundless frontier as its setting; a carefully annotated edition of one of the early journals that are part of the original records; or perhaps merely a reprint of one of these journals; or, finally, the publication for the first time of some important historical manuscript that has lain for years in the library of one of the public institutions, where it was known to only a few inquisitive students.

The peculiar importance of the volume now under review lies in the fact that it embraces material, of considerable historical importance and interest, that has not hitherto been available in printed form. The two documents in question, Thomas Jefferson's paper on 'The Limits and Bounds of Louisiana,' and William Dunbar's Journal of 'The Exploration of the Red, the Black, and the Washita Rivers,' have formed part of the collection of historical manuscripts in the library of the American Philosophical Society, and are now published by direction of the Society's committee on historical documents.

The Jeffersonian paper was prepared while the author was President of the United States, and gives a summary of the various claims of France, Spain, and England to territory in the Mississippi valley, and lays down the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. The original, in Jefferson's own hand, was deposited by him in the archives of the Philosophical Society in Philadelphia, where it still remains. The text of the paper is prefixed by a transcript of Jefferson's letter to Peter S. Du Ponceau, Corresponding Secretary of the Society, transmitting the manuscript. This letter throws an intimate and very interesting light both upon several incidents connected with the Louisiana Purchase, and upon the personality of the writer.

The Dunbar Journal is a document that one is extremely glad to see in printed form. While lacking much of the human interest of the Lewis and Clark journals, and recording an expedition of comparatively minor importance, it is yet of distinct value as a contribution to the historical literature of the Southwest. We are told, in the 'Publisher's Note,' that Dunbar

himself was a man of note, and had been honored in his native state as 'the first scientist of Mississippi.' He was born at Thunderton near Elgin, Scotland, a younger son of Sir Archibald Dunbar, and united (as so many eminent men among his countrymen have done) practical and scientific abilities of a high order. He settled in America in 1771, and became a successful planter. Later he held important trusts under the Federal government, was a correspondent of Thomas Jefferson, Sir William Herschel, David Rittenhouse, and other famous men, and made many contributions of importance to the scientific interests of the United States. The exploratory journey, of which the Journal now printed forms the record, was undertaken at the request of President Jefferson, in 1804, as 'a part of Mr. Jefferson's statesmanlike plan to survey the vast new territory just coming into the possession of the United States.'

The Journal covers a wealth of material bearing upon the geographical, botanical, and geological features of the country traversed by Dunbar, and throws a great deal of light upon the condition of that portion of the country one hundred years ago. When Dunbar made his way up the Red River, the Black, and the Washita, to the hot springs that were even then somewhat famous, he found only a handful of settlers, scattered at long intervals along the rivers, and eking out a miserable livelihood by hunting in the neighboring woods. It cannot be said that Dunbar himself was very favorably impressed with the capabilities of this district as a field for settlement, and as a matter of fact it remained practically unoccupied for many years after his visit. Its chief importance, during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, was as one of the important routes of western migration from the Mississippi to the far West, where the frontier was being slowly but irresistibly pushed into Spanish territory.

There was, says Miss Ellen Semple in her recent work on 'American History and its Geographic Conditions,' an occasional American planter, at this time, between the Mississippi and the Washita, and some American immigrants far up the Red River, 'while a band of adventurers under Philip Nolan had penetrated to the Brazos River in the present state of Texas,' but the Red River and the Washita were not for many years to know much more than the casual visits of explorers, hunters, and those intrepid pathfinders of the West who were paving the way for the future acquisition of Texas and California. It is interesting to note that at the very time that Dunbar was making his slow and troublesome

way up the Red River and its tributaries, impeded by sandbars or rapids at almost every turn, Lewis and Clark were pushing up the Missouri toward the Mandan villages where they were to spend the winter.

The make-up of the volume containing these documents is admirable, and worthy in every way of the important material which it covers. The utmost care has been taken to preserve the characteristics of the time, as regards spelling, typography, and ornamentation. There are two excellent portraits in the book, one of Jefferson, from the original painted by Thomas Sully, now in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; and the other of Dunbar, from a painting at the family home near Natchez, Miss. The map of Dunbar's voyage is a photo-lithograph from a very fine copper-plate engraving of Nicholas King's map in the War Department at Washington.

It seems ungracious to say even a word of dispraise of such an admirable piece of book-making; yet delightful and desirable as these exact reprints are from many points of view, the student often feels that he would sacrifice much in the way of typographical exactitude if he might have in return a good index. That is the one thing lacking in the present book.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

TWO AMERICAN HISTORIANS.*

Among recent issues in the group of brief biographies known as the 'American Men of Letters' series we have had lives of William Hickling Prescott and Francis Parkman. Although a full generation lay between the careers of the two historians, there is a special advantage in this chance association of the two biographies thus closely paired. It is not only that both these writers are accepted classics in the somewhat restricted field of American historical literature, but a peculiar parallelism runs through the records of their lives. Their resemblance in personal traits is itself notable; they were affable, refined, thoroughly representative of the traditional New England aristocracy of culture; they were delightful comrades in the intimacy of their respective friendships. Each in his own pathetic experience of physical infirmity, heroically defiant of disability, and of suffering often acute; each, also, sturdily independent in his fortitude, impatient of sympathy, tenacious in purpose, and affording in his achievement such an example of magnificent endurance as scarcely finds a parallel in literary annals except as the

story of one appears to duplicate that of the other. It is inevitable that in the attempt to portray either of these attractive characters, the biographer should write sympathetically, not to say enthusiastically, of his subject.

Prescott was born in 1796, Parkman in 1823. The former was graduated from Harvard in 1814, the latter just thirty years later. Prescott's first historical work, the 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' was completed in 1836; 'The Pioneers of France in the New World,' the real beginning of the great series which placed Parkman's name with the names of Prescott and Motley in contemporary recognition, appeared in 1865. The first two volumes of 'Philip II.' were published in 1855, and Prescott died, his work unfinished, in 1859; Parkman was permitted to see the full completion of his chosen task; it was in 1892 that the final volume of the series came from the press, followed by his death at the age of seventy in the following year. But how bare and colorless and commonplace is such a summary of life and work! The terrible handicap of failing vision, of nervous ailments, of insistent pain; the resolute measures to be adopted, the wonderful self-control, the ingenious devices of an invalid persistently devoted to the accomplishment of a rarely ambitious task, the interrupted labors, the quiet waiting in darkened chambers,—these are the details that give a just impressiveness to the triumphs of eventual success; and in this strenuous fellowship of suffering and perseverance Parkman and Prescott are joined.

The heroical element becomes so predominant in any consideration of either writer that we touch for a moment upon this familiar ground. The nature of the accident which robbed Prescott of the sight of one eye during his junior year in college is of course well known. Intervals of complete blindness fell upon him, and the fear of losing his sight entirely never left him. Assured by oculists that the remaining eye would prove adequate to the ordinary purposes of life if he would forego all literary labor, the student declined to retreat. Calmly he determined that even should sight fail altogether, while hearing remained his literary ambitions should be realized. The real significance of this resolve appears when we remember that dictation was impossible for Prescott and that the employment of a reader in the study of foreign books and manuscripts proved unsatisfactory and was often impracticable. We meet in his journal with entries like these: 'The last fortnight I have not read or written, in all, five minutes.' 'If I could only have some use of my eyes' 'I use my eyes ten minutes at a time, for an hour a day. So I snail it along.' Parkman's affec-

* WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT. By Rollo Ogden. FRANCIS PARKMAN. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. American Men of Letters Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

tion came from some obscure trouble of the brain which not only robbed him of his eyes, but affected also the action of heart and limbs. His working time was frequently reduced to less than half an hour a day, and there were long periods of utter helplessness. 'Oh, think of what you have done!' exclaimed a lady eager to comfort him during an interval of illness. 'Done!' he cried, his head rising from the pillow, 'done! there is much more for me still to do!' Such were the conditions under which these men labored, and such was the spirit in which they persevered. Partial blindness was not the only embarrassment; a train of ailments accompanied and aggravated the condition of each.

It is always interesting to trace the links by which a scholar is attracted to the theme of his choice. In the case of Parkman, not only does the passion for historical study appear to have been innate, but his fervid love of the woods and the wilderness, together with his profound interest in the manners and life of our native savage tribes, seems almost to have predetermined the chronicler of Pontiac to the selection of his romantic field. With Prescott, on the other hand, there was a period of deliberation and considerable hesitancy in the quest of a subject. In 1857 he wrote to a friend thus: 'I had early conceived a strong passion for historical writing, to which, perhaps, the reading of Gibbon's Autobiography contributed not a little. I proposed to make myself an historian in the best sense of the term.' Spanish literature first attracted his attention, as he followed the lectures of his friend Ticknor at Harvard. He began the study of Spanish in 1825. After the first vagueness of his general plan, his mind began to settle about two possible topics for historical investigation — Spanish history from the invasion of the Arabs to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V., and a history of the revolution of ancient Rome, which converted the republic into an empire. This second subject he abandoned as he reflected that 'the great and learned Niebuhr has been employed these dozen years upon it. . . Shall I beat the bushes after this? I have not quite decided, but I think not.' Literary history also attracted him; but the germ of Prescott's 'Ferdinand and Isabella' lay in the Spanish theme, and after a year of *pros* and *cons*, he definitely subscribed to that.

Into the details of either biography it is unnecessary to enter here. The reader of Mr. Ogden's book will note with interest a few new facts concerning Prescott's brave and patient life. The style of the book is dignified and direct, the material is interesting and well arranged. A chapter upon 'Personal Traits'

is particularly inviting; personal anecdotes and extracts from letters and journals are liberally introduced throughout — material which vivifies the portrait of the man whose heart was so warm that Hillard declared it made Prescott's friends forget that he was a great historian and only think of him as a person to be loved. Mr. Sedgwick's volume is proportioned oddly. Two-thirds of the book is crowded with particulars, significant and insignificant, of the historian's early years up to his twenty-seventh, leaving less than a hundred pages for the story of the long, pathetic, and inspiring life of wonderful accomplishment which crowned a strenuous and strongly assertive youth. It is written vivaciously, even pertly at times. The later story of Francis Parkman is too important to be disposed of in this brief fashion, and the material of the earlier chapters should have been sifted. The youthful records of schoolboy explorations are interesting, but much of the matter could well have been spared. We would not, however, miss the pleasant pictures of the invalid upon the veranda at Portsmouth playing with the children and the cats, or cultivating the famous rose beds at his residence on the shore of Jamaica Pond. In such scenes the healthy and genial spirit of Parkman is more intimately expressed.

W. E. SIMONDS.

RECENT FICTION.*

'The Last Hope' is a novel by the late Henry Seton Merriman. The title finds a two-fold meaning in the work itself, for it is literally the name of a boat and symbolically a phrase suggestive of the final effort of Bourbon royalty to re-

* *THE LAST HOPE.* By Henry Seton Merriman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

STRONG MAC. By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A LADDER OF SWORDS. A Tale of Love, Laughter, and Tears. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CHALLONERS. By E. F. Benson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

OLIVE LATHAM. By E. L. Voynich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

RICHARD GRESHAM. By Robert Morris Lovett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE STEPS OF HONOR. By Basil King. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE TRANSGRESSION OF ANDREW VANE. By Guy Wetmore Carryl. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE MERRY ANNE. By Samuel Merwin. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE SEEKER. By Harry Leon Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE BY-WAYS OF BRAITHE. By Frances Powell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE PASTIME OF ETERNITY. By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE ROSE OF OLD ST. LOUIS. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Co.

THE EFFENDI. A Romance of the Soudan. By Flora Brooks Whitehouse. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE AFFAIR AT THE INN. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, Mary Findlater, Jane Findlater, and Allan McAulay. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

establish itself upon the throne of France; and a third meaning will occur to the mind of every reader, considering that through this work the entertaining talent of the author makes its final appeal to the reading public. The scene is shifted from time to time between England and France, while the period is the middle of the nineteenth century, — the year just preceding the usurpation of power by Louis Napoleon. One is at first a little dismayed to discover that the author has once more raked up the old story of the Dauphin and the Temple, but fear becomes allayed when it is discovered that the legend is not taken seriously, but is made to serve only as a peg for the hanging of a very ingenious royalist intrigue against the Napoleonic pretensions. For a time, indeed, we are led to believe that the Dauphin did escape, that he was taken to England, grew up, married, had a child, and died soon thereafter. In this child of the unknown French refugee we have the hero of the present romance; but it transpires after awhile that he cannot be the nineteenth Louis. Before this fact emerges, however, and before the hero himself becomes sure of it, he has put himself so unreservedly in the hands of the plotters, and is so deeply involved in their machinations, that he finds it impossible to withdraw, and so the conspiracy goes on, until the Man of December scores his final triumph and all conspiracies against his power are made hopeless. We do not quite see why the hero should have to be sacrificed in the end by drowning him, for he has been alternately in love with two interesting young women, one of whom he might easily have been made to marry. Perhaps the author himself could not decide between the two, and so resorted to this cowardly evasion of his responsibilities. The story is told with all of the author's wonted cleverness, his easy knowledge of the world, and his happy trick of incisive phrase and dramatic situation. It seems to us about as good as any of the books that he published during his life time.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, after dallying for a period with romantic adventure in Spain, returns in 'Strong Mac' to the Scotch scenes and characters which have brought him his most genuine success. Since the time is that of the Napoleonic wars, he is enabled to introduce a Spanish episode of a few chapters; for the heroine is compelled at a certain critical juncture to journey to the Peninsula, and seek out in Wellington's army the soldier whose presence is needed in Scotland to clear her lover from the charge of murder. Of course she is successful, and of course the witness arrives in the nick of time, just as sentence is about to be pronounced. Strong Mac is a fine specimen of manhood, and the villainies by which he is beset serve to bring out the best elements of his character. The heroine also finds ready access to our hearts. Her father, the village schoolmaster, a weak and dissipated person, albeit of good family and fine intellectual parts, is perhaps the most carefully studied figure in the story. He never quite loses his hold on our sympathies, although it is chiefly for the daughter's sake that we rejoice when he comes into unex-

pected possession of the ancestral acres. The novel has a very complicated plot, enough mystery to keep the reader perplexed until the end, no little dry humor, and a wealth of the sort of detail that no one but a Scotsman born and bred could possibly have at command. The dialect feature is pronounced, which makes the book unusually difficult reading, but this time the effort is really worth while, — which cannot always be said of the kail-yard fictional product.

Sir Gilbert Parker's Elizabethan romance, 'The Ladder of Swords,' is a slight performance which opens interestingly, but drags quite a little toward the close. It tells of the love between a soldier and a maiden of the Huguenot faith, opens in that island of Jersey that the author knows so well, and presently conducts the persons chiefly concerned to London, whither they are pursued by the vengeance of the Queen Mother, and saved only through the sympathy of Elizabeth. The figure of the great Queen of England is firmly drawn upon conventional lines, albeit they are a little softened by a sentiment that the reader finds agreeable, but of which the historian will have his doubts. The figure of Leicester takes on a more sinister villainy than we have been wont to attribute to him, but he is of course unmasked, as all good villains are in historical romance, and his schemes to blight the happiness of the lovers are thwarted. There is a court jester of the super-sophisticated sort who might well be spared. Easily the best-conceived character in the book is that of the bluff Seigneur of Rozel, who comes from Jersey with the refugees, stands by them at need, and returns to his island seigneurie with enough stories of his amazing experiences to last for the rest of his days.

Mr. E. F. Benson's new novel is called 'The Challoners,' after the family which provides it with three out of its five leading characters. The senior Challoner is an English clergyman of the most austere and uncompromising type. He has two children, a boy and a girl, from whose sympathies he becomes hopelessly estranged by the exercise of what he narrowly believes to be his duty toward them. He loves them, but he nags them; and the nagging makes their life miserable, for they are young people of the modern age, with individualities of their own. The boy is a musical genius of whom his father tries to make a classical scholar. The girl is not a genius at all, but she knows her own heart, and cleaves to the man who loves her in the face of paternal opposition. In this opposition is the crux of the whole plot; for her lover is a man who positively rejects the religious dogmatism of her father. In a word, the story turns upon a situation so old-fashioned that we thought it had disappeared from fiction for good. It is only by making the father a survival of the age of theological bigotry that such a situation can be given the slightest degree of probability in our time. How relentlessly the author depicts this vanished clerical type may be illustrated by the fact that the daughter is forbidden to read the novels of George Eliot. That she does read them in secret, and that she smokes an occasional cigarette, are causes of

offense so great as to be overshadowed only by the obstinacy of her love for a man without religion in her father's narrow sense. Although this complication is worked up with a great deal of earnestness, the author does not succeed in making it seem real to us. The humorous element in the narrative is supplied by a garrulous old lady whose conviction is what the French call *décousue*. A little of it proves amply satisfying; and, after the first few chapters, we cheerfully skip this old lady's monologues. It seems to us a little wanton in Mr. Benson to kill the musical genius in the final chapter. He gives us quite enough agony without that unnecessary supplement.

There is no denying the insight and the power of Mrs. Voynich's novels, but there is an element of the unreal about them which, combined with an infusion of morbid thought and feeling, prevents them from achieving the highest effects. They are so intense in their emotional aspect that they suffer as representations of human life, which is not, even under the most tragic conditions, quite so dismal an affair as the author makes it out to be. We should place Mrs. Voynich's new novel about midway in the scale between its two predecessors. 'Olive Latham' is not as hopelessly repellent in theme as was 'Jack Raymond,' nor is it as fresh and varied in its interest as was 'The Gadfly.' It is essentially the history of the wrecking of a woman's soul by suffering, followed by a period in which she hovers on the verge of insanity, and ending with a note of hopefulness as she gradually gropes her way out of the valley of the shadow and the balance of her nature shows signs of restoration. As a study in psychology, this is marvellously well done, and the external interest is not inadequate to the situation. The heroine is an English woman, but her story is primarily one of Russian despotism. That it is which does to death her husband, a Polish conspirator, and comes near to shattering her own reason. If the depth of the writer's feelings were matched by a corresponding clearness of thought and strength of objective grasp, this book would be much more nearly a masterpiece than it now is.

The hero of 'Richard Gresham,' Mr. Robert Morss Lovett's first novel, starts out in life with an overwhelming burden laid upon his shoulders. His father is an embezzler and a fugitive from justice, which fact, declared when Richard is a boy of nine, is destined to shape the whole course of his life. He grows up with the understanding that it is his paramount duty to meet the obligations thus incurred, and redeem the family name. We follow his fortunes from childhood up; the rough farm life of his boyish years, his painfully-acquired education, his experience as a mining engineer in Mongolia, and his career as a stock broker in New York, are the successive phases of his history, and they are all presented in a thoroughly interesting and human way. His efforts meet with success, but the commercial and social influences which surround him in New York, and his marriage with a woman whose ethical instincts are confused, come near to blunting the fine sense of honor which has shaped his career, and he

falters at the critical moment, almost failing of the moral victory when it is within his grasp. That he should thus hesitate, seems to us, considering what his life has been up to that point, an element of weakness in Mr. Lovett's book; and we cannot quite forgive him for choosing the somewhat sophisticated affection of the woman whom he marries, in preference to the less calculating and more genuine love of his earlier years, — the chorus girl who afterwards becomes a star of the lyric stage. But these are no reasons for our quarrelling seriously with a book which shows so much ability, and which is one of the best productions of the current season.

In Mr. Basil King's new novel, also, as the title indicates, a point of honor is made the basis of the action. It is a Harvard novel, and the leading characters are two young instructors in the English department, both aspirants for the favor of a young woman in whose veins flows the bluest of Cambridge blood. The successful aspirant is the author of a widely-read book upon the social conscience, — a work which, unfortunately, he has plagiarized in considerable measure from an old and long-forgotten volume. This fact is discovered by the other man, who proceeds to unmask his rival. For a time, the plagiarist faces the accusation with a brazen denial; but the evidence is too convincing, and he is forced in the end to admit his guilt. His engagement is actually broken, he resigns his position, and seeks secluded lodgings in a Boston suburb. Here he works out a sort of moral regeneration, which in the end wins back for him something of self-respect, and — what the average reader will hold quite as important — the love that he seemed to have lost irretrievably. Thus mounting once more 'The Steps of Honor,' he patches up, after a fashion, the life that one false step has so nearly ruined. Another young woman provides consolation for the rival, and the outcome is made a fairly happy one. Mr. King has given us a faithful study of life in these academic circles, and certain of his secondary characters afford us much entertainment. One point we are inclined to labor a little, because of its unconscious revelation of an attitude not uncommon in our older Eastern universities. When the hero's dishonesty is detected, his rival tells him that he must 'get out' of Harvard, and go where no one will ever hear of him again. He is then advised that 'one of the Western colleges' will be the proper place for him, and is promised that if he thus betakes himself to the outer darkness no whisper of his fault shall go with him. For a story-teller who is writing as a professional moralist, this attitude is, to say the least, peculiar. The episode is highly illuminating. We must mention one other matter. Mr. King is one of the people who still believe (page 27) that witches were once burned at Salem. Some superstitions die hard!

'The Transgression of Andrew Vane,' by the late Guy Wetmore Caryll, is a story of the American colony in Paris. Andrew's transgression is the usual one, resulting from his acquaintance with the frail but fascinating Mirabelle Tremoneau, which in turn results from his falling

into the hands of a designing scoundrel who lives upon blackmail. How Andrew is finally forgiven by the girl whom he loves, and how the villain comes to a melodramatic end, are matters worked out with curious ingenuity of detail. A prologue, dated before the birth of the hero, is supposed to prepare us for the shock of learning his true parentage, but is so obscurely written that the revelation, when it does come, is too startling to be acceptable. After having thought otherwise all through the book, we are suddenly called upon to believe that Andrew's father is the villain who has been seeking his ruin. And the device involved for this explanation is a ridiculous story of hypnotism used for a malign purpose. We cannot admit the legitimacy of this invention, but the story is otherwise one of striking interest, and minutely realistic in its portrayal of the fashionable life of the French capital, — at least, of such aspects of that life as come readily within the foreign visitor's range of observation. Both in dialogue and description it is a singularly clever performance.

'The Merry Anne' is a story of adventure, told by Mr. Samuel Merwin. The name of a lumber schooner on Lake Michigan gives the book its title, and the captain and part owner thereof is one Dick Smiley, a dashing young person in love with Annie Fargo, a maiden who lives in a house on stilts, situated on the shore of the lake just north of Chicago. Henry Smiley, who is Dick's cousin, Joe McGlory and his wife, who keep a saloon near by, and one Bedloe, or Beveridge, a special agent of the United States Treasury, are other leading characters. And thereby hangs the tale. For Henry is no other than the notorious Whiskey Jim, the head of a daring combination of smugglers, who do their distilling on a Canadian island in northern Lake Huron, ingeniously conceal the product in hollow logs, and ship it to Chicago, where McGlory sees that it is properly distributed. Dick knows nothing of all this, but is brought into innocent complicity with the criminals by taking on a load of this compromising lumber, and bringing it to Chicago. Beveridge, who has long been on the trail of the gang, discovers this contraband cargo, which makes things look black for Dick. But the latter, offering to help in running down the real criminals, joins in the chase, which carries the party through many desperate adventures, and ends by capturing the real Whiskey Jim and freeing his cousin Dick from suspicion. Incidentally, Beveridge, who has been Dick's rival with Annie, finds that he has no chance in that quarter, and for consolation takes up with McGlory's widow. The whole story is worked up very effectively, and becomes fairly thrilling toward the close. Mr. Merwin does not waste many words upon fine writing, but goes straight ahead in an incisive and vigorous way, gathering up his loose ends one by one and weaving them into a compact yet variegated fabric.

Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's new novel, 'The Seeker,' tells the life-history of one Bernal Linford, dealing particularly with his emancipation from the depressing orthodoxy of the religious

belief in which he has been reared. It is a book of distinctly didactic purpose, as much so as 'Robert Elsmere,' for example, but with little of the subtlety and gentle persuasiveness of that remarkable work. The dogmatism from which Linford revolts as he grows to clear-sighted manhood is of a type that hardly exists at the present day, or at least exists in nothing more than a simulacrum of its former vitality. Thus the author is largely concerned in doing battle with a man of straw, and his weapons are as old-fashioned and discredited as the equipment of his adversary. The argument that he uses is of the Voltaire-Paine-Ingersoll sort — a kind of attack that has done good and effective work in its day, but has little force or meaning when applied to the spiritualized modern conception of religious faith. Mr. Wilson seems to have no notion of the philosophical principles underlying the religious problem as it exists to-day; he assails the literal (and un-literary) interpretation of texts and formularies, and scores an easy triumph. For the rest, this book embodies enough of a story, and of characters in variety, to be readable, except for its pages of arid polemics; there is also a good deal of charm about the portrayal of the hero's childhood, for the work is essentially an imagined biography, and begins at the beginning. It is marred by a straining for original terms of expression, which serves only to accentuate the crudity of the style.

Miss Frances Powell attracted some attention two or three years ago by a novel called 'The House on the Hudson' — a melodramatic piece of work exhibiting many crudities of diction and imagination, yet suggestive in a curious way of no less a work than 'Jane Eyre.' Miss Powell's second novel, 'The By-Ways of Braithe,' is almost a replica of the first in its setting, its atmosphere of mystery, and its leading types of character. It is grossly improbable in plot, and the persons who figure in it are constantly doing and saying the most impossible things, yet it has a certain interest, and one cannot help feeling that the exercise of a little thoughtfulness and restraint would make a more than acceptable novelist out of its writer. Thus far, she strains too much for her effects, and is clearly bent upon being original and striking at no matter what artistic cost. On the other hand, she employs a sort of machinery that takes us back into the dark ages of romantic fiction, — secret passages, mysterious portents mysteriously realized, and heavy villainy combined with attractive personality. Braithe is an old mansion on the Hudson, built in exact imitation of an English prototype, and its 'by-ways' are the secret chambers and exits of which we hear a great deal, but which are finally utilized in a disappointing way only.

Miss Beatrix Lloyd's 'The Pastime of Eternity' is an interesting novel, and it has rather more originality than we find in most current productions, particularly in first ventures. The situations and the climaxes are a little strained, and the writer has a propensity for the use of strange, uncouth words, which simply irritate the reader and add nothing to the expression. These

are superficial faults, however, and the writer may easily learn to avoid them. Holbein is an attractive character, and we cannot quite understand how he came to be so maimed. The explanation given us later on does not really explain. He has, however, the compensation of being loved by two exceptionally gifted young women, although he does not discover it for some time. When the discovery is made, and his sufferings have made a sufficient demand upon our sympathies, the writer remorselessly slays his frivolous wife in an automobile accident, and opens the path of happiness for himself and one of the young women. The other, necessarily, has a hard time of it. The story of the Chevalier de Besarique, who starves himself to death when all is lost save honor, is a gruesomely impressive episode, and leads to much self-torturing on the part of his daughter, who is the favored young woman before mentioned. Miss Lloyd has a pretty gift of style, of which we shall watch the development with much curiosity.

'The Rose of Old St. Louis,' by Miss Mary Dillon, is a fairly interesting historical novel, although one of the hopelessly artificial sort. Considered as history, it is a work which shows careful study of the documentary material, and takes comparatively few liberties with fact. Considered as romance, it reproduces for the hundredth time the two stock figures of dashing hero and petulant but winsome heroine. It is a story of matters relating to the Louisiana Purchase, and, after getting well under way in America, takes us to France, where the reader is invited to be present at the negotiations for the Louisiana Territory, and makes a bowing acquaintance with the First Consul and other historical characters. The heroine turns out to be of royal blood, being a cousin of the Prince de Polignac and the hapless Due d'Enghien, but this does not prevent her from preferring the love of a simple American gentleman to any pampered minion of an effete aristocracy. It is all strangely familiar as well as curiously unconvincing. But as such romantic inventions go, the story is one of the best of its sort.

'The Effendi,' by Mrs. Florence Brooks Whitehouse, opens with a prologue descriptive of the fall of Khartoum in 1885, and the death of Gordon. Two children, a brother and sister of Greek-American parentage, are among the inhabitants who are taken captive, and it is with their later fortunes that the story is concerned. When the next scene opens, in 1897, and Kitchener's expedition is under way, these children, trained to Mohammedan life, and forgetful of their early years, have grown up; the girl is an inmate of her captor's harem, the boy a soldier, the Effendi of the title. The scene of the greater part of the romance is at Luxor, and three important new characters appear — an English officer under Kitchener, a young English clergyman his friend, and an American girl who has known and loved the English officer years before. Then follows a pretty series of complications, leading to disclosures of parentage and prospective weddings. The Effendi is sacrificed in the

closing chapter, just after the reoccupation of Khartoum and the payment of tardy funeral honors to Gordon's memory. This seems to have been the easiest way to dispose of him, since there was no one left for him to love, and his recently-discovered European status made it difficult for the author to shape a new career for him. The story is based upon a number of improbabilities, chief among which is the dual existence of Uarda as harem inmate and dashing coquette employed to spy upon the English residents of Luxor, but it has romantic charm and a picturesque setting, which qualities entitle it to a hearing and commend it to the favor of the novel-reader.

After all these matters of history and philosophy, of sensation and social dilemma, it is a relief to take up such a book as 'The Affair at the Inn,' which has not about it the faintest suggestion of an idea or a problem or a historical happening, but is just frothiness and sentiment and playful satire, and may well serve as a sort of *pousse-café* for the present repast of many courses. It is the joint production of four writers, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Miss Mary Findlater, Miss Jane Helen Findlater, and Mr. Allan McAulay. It has four principal characters, whom fate brings together at a Dartmoor inn, and for each of these characters one of the writers is responsible. They take turns in composing the several chapters of the book, all of which are in the first person. The humor of the thing results from the fact that every trivial episode is described from his individual viewpoint by each of the persons concerned, and the contrasts are sometimes as startling as those of 'The Ring and the Book.' The result is a sprightly and sparkling little story which may be read in an hour, and which will leave the reader with a good conscience and a sense of cheerfulness. And there is an hour now and then when no reader asks of a book more than that.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

A valuable guide to poems and recitations.

It is not too much to say that a long-felt want has been in good measure supplied by Miss Edith Granger's 'Index to Poetry and Recitations' (McClurg), a quarto volume of 970 closely printed pages. 'Over thirty thousand titles from three hundred and sixty-nine books' are here indexed three and in some cases four times, — in a title index, an author index, an index to first lines, and a briefer subject index. One feature commended to our notice, but not unreservedly praiseworthy, is the fact that the 369 books drawn upon are all in print, and no out-of-print collections of poetry or recitations have been laid under contribution. Thus we fail to find many an old reading-book favorite, like Bryant's 'African Chief' and 'Monument Mountain,' Mrs. Barbauld's 'Seasons,' J. G. Percival's 'Star of Bethlehem,' and Mrs. Sigourney's 'Indian Summer.' If some of

the old reading-books, such as Hillard's, and Wilson's, and Porter's 'Rhetorical Reader,' and 'The National Reader' (to go no farther back) could have been included in the sources indexed, the value of the work would have been very appreciably increased for those of an older generation. Indeed, the space required for this might without too serious loss have been taken from the portion devoted to prose recitations, as in the vast majority of cases it is the dimly remembered poem, not the schoolboy declamation, that baffles our search. And if periodical literature also could have been ransacked by our industrious editor and her co-workers, — giving us a sort of Poole's Index to Poetry, with all the rest, — what a triumph were there of the indexer's assiduity! But enough. It would be base ingratitude not to welcome with hearty praise the very scholarly and, so far as a rapid review can determine, widely comprehensive and eminently trustworthy index Miss Granger's two-years' work (with six assistants, and sometimes more) has furnished. The magnitude of the undertaking will be apparent to all who have ever engaged in similar researches.

Adulation of the German Emperor. 'Imperator et Rex,' the latest work by the author of 'The Martyrdom of an Empress,' describes the career of William II. of Germany. It is a volume of nearly three hundred pages, carefully printed (but for a few typographical errors) and tastefully bound (Harper). This in praise of the book; but anything further must depend upon the point of view and the literary taste of the reader. The author declares herself 'a monarchist' ready to accept, in its literal interpretation, William's famous *Regis voluntas suprema lex*, — which, however, she explains as written in the Golden Book of the Munich City Council, in jocose compliance with the wish of the King of Bavaria that he enter his autograph in a book otherwise reserved for the royal line of Bavaria. Few American readers will sympathize with this view; while the author's florid and exaggerated style rather serves to provoke laughter than inspire 'the dread and fear of kings.' As an example of the style may be cited the description of William's first meeting with the Empress, whom he seems to have disturbed during an afternoon nap in a hammock in the park at Schloss Prinkenau. The passage is nearly two pages long; only the concluding lines can be quoted: 'The grand old trees seemed to whisper to one another, as did the tall imperial lilies, the white meadow-sweets, and the haughty peonies, scattered in the grass, that the sight was good to behold, and here and there a little thrill of inexpressible gladness seemed to ruffle like crisping wavelets a field of anemones of all imaginable changeable hues, stretching *a porte de vue* the silk of their shivering corollas beneath the spreading boughs.' In the summing up of the Emperor's various attainments, we read that 'no one possessing the full use of his or her senses can deny that he is a splendid soldier, an equally good sailor, a successful sportsman, a musician of no mean talent, an excellent painter and draughts-

man, a first-class writer and poet too, — *a ses heures*, an engineer and architect of considerable ability, besides being a scholar of repute and a thorough statesman, without mentioning the fact that he speaks nine or ten languages and is one of the most eloquent orators of modern times.' The book contains practically nothing new about the life or personality of the Kaiser. In reviewing his career since his accession to the throne, we are always prepared to join cordially with his loyal subjects in their 'Heil, Wilhelm, Dir und Segen! Das hast Du gut gemacht'; but the fulsome adulation of the present work is to be deprecated. It tends to weaken rather than increase the honest respect that his steadfastness of purpose and his able statesmanship have inspired alike in friend and foe.

The modern Irish literary revival

In such a book as Mr. Horatio Sheafe Krans's 'William Butler Yeats and the Irish Literary

Revival' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) the poet and dramatist finds another leaf to add to his crown of bay. The work is fully appreciative of all that Mr. Yeats has done in bringing home to the English speaking and reading public the beauties and glamour of Celtic literature, — after, be it remembered, the writers in Irish had failed through translation to effect what his interpretations have been able to. The work is in five chapters, the first devoted to an entertaining and authentic account of the Irish literary revival as a whole, the rest specifically to Mr. Yeats's share in it as evidenced by his 'Poems based upon Irish Myth, Legend, and Romance,' his 'Poems, Chiefly Lyrical,' his 'Plays,' and his 'Prose.' To those unfamiliar previously with the work of this comparatively young man, the book will serve as a guide to be relied upon in taking the neophyte straight to the heart of the movement; to those who are already pledged and devoted to Mr. Yeats as a vital — some say the most vital — force in contemporary English literature, the book will appeal as an admirable appreciation of his work, done by one like-minded with themselves. But there is one aspect of the case which Mr. Krans does not consider — does not even hint at. Ireland through many centuries has been almost the most devoted of the nations to the Church of Rome. So long has this continued, that any inventory of Irish national characteristics and literature which does not take it into full account, is necessarily lacking. Now Mr. Yeats is by his own showing a believer in the undoubted paganism and nebulous philosophy and magic which he believes to have preceded all Christianity as the religion of Erin and the Irish, and this particular form of belief has been unsparingly denounced by the Church and its votaries. It must always be borne in mind, therefore, that the several episodes in the young mystic's work wherein the powers of black magic are shown in triumph over the utmost spiritual safeguards the Church throws about its children have brought upon him the final condemnation of its authorities and caused his utter repudiation as an interpretive force by the overwhelming majority of his own countrymen.

The ethics of modern business and public life.

It is no bad sign of the times that as partisan rancor disappears the fame of the late Governor Altgeld shines more and more clearly — 'a good deed in a naughty world.' His life, and his last (posthumous) work to be given to the public, 'The Cost of Something for Nothing' (Hammersmark Publishing Co.), exemplify admirably the pithy saying, 'Practise before you preach.' For his life is now understood to have been, especially in its more public aspects, a long devotion to duty and to clearly conceived ideals; and this little book is a homily on the text, 'Filthy lucre is the root of all evil.' Those familiar with the details of Governor Altgeld's political career recall in this connection that, like Thomas Jefferson, he went into public life a rich man and came out a poor one, — and that, too, after the fully authenticated rejection of the most enormous bribes ever offered a public servant. It may be conceded at the outset that the book contains nothing new; ethical systems have changed little in historic time, and there is little to be said by any of the world's teachers that has not been said before. But there is always the application of ancient principles to modern instances; and it is here that 'The Cost of Something for Nothing' obtains distinction. Speaking from the fulness of experience, writing after the sweets of power had been tried and found bitter, yet animated by a steadfast belief in the ultimate goodness of humankind, the author discusses nearly every aspect of American life, — private, criminal, political, corporate, clerical, judicial, journalistic, feminine, militant, or other, — with a pointedness and shrewdness that will permit few of his readers to lay all their responsibility for existing abuses upon the shoulders of others. Doing this, he has unquestionably laid himself open to a charge of pessimism; but the appeal throughout the book is so openly an appeal from what is worst to what is best in human nature, so convincingly based on the assurance that such appeals are not made in vain, that the charge must fall. Indeed, on the other hand, the book displays so firm a conviction that all wrongs die 'as of self-slaughter,' that more than one of us find it almost too unreasonably optimistic, too bold in its assumption of acquaintance with the mighty laws by which man's place in the universe is established. The book is compact and easily read, and must take its place with the best of those dealing with practical ethics as applied to the problems of modern life.

Scientific studies of men and women.

A new and thoroughly revised edition of Mr. Havelock Ellis's 'Man and Woman' (Scribner) serves to call attention to the great importance of this book, which may almost be said to lie at the foundation of new science, that of human sex, considered separately as a branch of anthropology, archaeology, physiology, and sociology. The first edition of this work made its appearance just ten years ago. It was remarkable both for what it exhibited in the way of scientific achievement within the limits laid down, and for the wide gaps in knowledge which it showed to exist

between the ascertained series of facts. The remarkably stimulating character of the work finds its proof in the new matter which Mr. Ellis has been able to add to this the fourth edition of the book. Many of the gaps have been adequately closed, and in none is the lack of study and research wholly apparent. The author's speculations have been uniformly accorded attention by the great body of specialists engaged on the topic; and while a few of these speculations have been shown to be defective, a larger number have been supported by the results of investigations painstakingly carried on. Some of the ideas, such as that of the inferior brain capacity of womankind, have been dismissed into the realm of mere suppositions, — quite in the manner of Voltaire's overthrow of the supposed fact that women had fewer teeth than men, brought about by the sufficiently simple device of counting the teeth. What remains as established, or on the way to become established, can be read with profit by every member of both sexes who has arrived at an understanding age, — by parents, and by employers, especially the employers of women. The scientific men and women of the United States have especial cause for pride in the part they have borne in these recent investigations; and in their results, as giving Americans certain physical supremacies over the rest of the civilized world, the entire nation may take delight.

America through Chinese spectacles.

Granted that a nobly born Chinese diplomatist educated in Europe and America has the usual point of view of the American *bourgeois*, and that it is possible to explain in the Chinese language the point and savor of American jests of the school of Senator Depew, there is little in 'As a Chinaman Saw Us' (Appleton) to refute the assertion made by the 'editor,' Mr. Henry Pearson Gratton, in his preface, that 'The selections have been made from a series of letters covering a decade spent in America, and were addressed to a friend in China who had seen few foreigners.' The contents display something of the contempt which every person reared under a civilization that has seen all the historic empires of the world, from Egypt to Spain, pass away and leave it flourishing, must feel for American self-assertiveness and bustle; but they fail almost wholly in the expression of the deep-rooted aversion every Chinaman is known to feel for militarism, — the national point of view that sets down the professional soldier or sailor on a ship-of-war as a hired assassin, to be treated by him as a respectable Christian treats a convicted murderer when brought into personal contact with him. This, and the rest, suffice to make it more than doubtful whether a Chinaman ever phrased any of the sentiments here attributed to him; nevertheless the book has enough of truth and discrimination to make it a valid if not a thorough arraignment of American manners, morals, and characteristics. Represented as a diplomatist, and so given the *entrée* to the 'best' American society, the criticism resulting must bring delight to the envious ones who are without the charmed portal of

'society,' and suffices to entitle the author to be called an 'anarchist' by those assailed. The book is bright and uniformly readable.

*The diary
of a child
of genius.*

A picture of the incorrigibility of genius, — a picture of the soul of an artist, 'naively unconscious of the limitations imposed upon life by some of us who are not geniuses,' — a record of a life characterized by passionate irresponsibility, such is 'The Diary of a Musician' (Holt), by Miss Dolores M. Bacon. From the grinding poverty of a Hungarian farm, through his musical training as a violinist at Prague and his introduction to the world as a public favorite, this diary is a recognition of the 'unknown' musician's genius, — the fruit of whatever was *bizarre* or melodramatic in his career. His vices, quarrels, desperate straits, ardent and sometimes simultaneous love-affairs, afford great resources for the careful editor, who has reason to be grateful for a subject that did not dwell in the realms of the commonplace forever. There is a certain streak of humor running through the diary, yet one feels that each jest carries a sting. Genius is said to be incorrigible, and many will imagine they are here reading autobiography; perhaps they are, — but it is autobiography which, as Coleridge said of history, has not only been popularized but plebiflicated.

BRIEFER MENTION.

'A Primer of Physiology,' by Mr. E. H. Starling, is a recent publication of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. It has the extreme merit of being free from the irrelevant paragraphs about the use of narcotics which disfigure most books of its class, a fact accounted for by its English origin.

'Machiavelli and the Modern State,' by Mr. Louis Dyer, is a volume containing three lectures given in 1899 at the Royal Institution. Their respective subjects are 'The Prince,' Machiavelli as a historian, and Machiavelli as a moralist. The numerous quotations are given in the original. The central idea of the work is that we should judge Machiavelli by the whole of his writings, and not, as is so frequently done, by 'The Prince' alone. The book is of much interest, and, although popular in manner, is based upon a scholarly study of the subject. Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the publishers.

Since we noticed the first instalment of the 'Unit Books' published by Mr. Howard Wilford Bell, we have been awaiting with interest additions to the collection. Three such additions are now at hand: Renan's 'Life of Jesus,' Mrs. Trollope's 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' and an extremely useful and well edited volume of 'National Documents.' These titles speak for themselves; it remains for us to say of the books that they are supplied with editorial matter of a helpful sort, that they are very pleasant books to handle and read, and that they are to be had at extremely reasonable prices. This enterprise is so praiseworthy that we wish it every success, and trust that the rate of publication may be rapidly accelerated. The list of titles announced for future publication includes many works that, in this inexpensive and tasteful form, will prove a boon to the public.

NOTES.

An Oxford India Paper edition of Dickens's 'Christmas Books,' in five tiny volumes weighing together less than two ounces, is announced by the Oxford University Press.

'A Dog's Tale,' by Mark Twain, is a republication, in the form of a thin volume, of the story recently printed in one of the popular magazines. It comes from Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

A volume of 'Retrospects' by Professor William Knight, made up largely of personal reminiscences of notable English men and women of the Victorian era, will be published at an early date by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

An account of the 'Last Hours of Sheridan's Cavalry,' covering the operations of Sheridan and Grant after the fall of Petersburg and Richmond, has been written by Brig.-Gen. Henry Edwin Treman, and will be published shortly by Messrs. Bonnell, Silver & Bowers.

The feature of chief interest in 'The Printing Art' for September is Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne's article on 'The Sizes of Books,' in which he discusses the hap-hazard and conflicting terms now in general use. It is a paper that publishers and librarians would do well to ponder carefully.

Three tales by Robert Louis Stevenson — 'The Story of a Lie,' 'The Misadventures of John Nicholson,' and 'The Body Snatcher,' — all hitherto inaccessible outside the subscription editions, have been brought together as a new volume in Messrs. H. B. Turner & Co.'s pretty reprint of Stevenson's works.

Among the books on Mr. Robert Grier Cooke's Autumn list may be mentioned 'Six Incursions by a Predatory Pew into Some Theologic Fastnesses,' by Edward Augustus Jenks, A. M.; 'Captain Kidd and Other Charades,' by Miss Florence L. Sohler; 'Barclay Genealogies,' by Mr. R. Burnham Moffat; and 'The Roosevelt Doctrine,' compiled by Mr. E. E. Garrison.

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish a limited edition, in two volumes, of an exact facsimile of the original English edition of the 'German Popular Stories' collected by the brothers Grimm. All the illustrations by George Cruikshank which appeared in the First and Second Series of the stories, issued in 1823 and 1826 respectively, will be included, and printed from the original plates.

Under the general title of 'Life Stories for Young People,' Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish shortly translations from the German of the lives of Mozart, Beethoven, Joan of Arc, and William Tell, written in story form for juvenile readers. The Germans excel in this sort of writing, and the series should find hearty favor with American children. The work of translation has been done by Mr. George P. Upton.

For some time past there have been indications of a marked revival of interest in Rossetti and his work. Last Fall no less than three complete editions of the Poems were published, all produced in more or less elaborate and expensive form. A few months ago Mr. Benson's volume gave Rossetti place in the select company of the 'English Men of Letters' series; and we have just now had Mr. Treffry Dunn's slender sheaf of 'Recollections' of the poet and his Cheyne Walk circle. In addition to a reprint of 'The Early Italian Poets' in the 'Temple Classics' series, the present Autumn season will bring at least two new editions of the complete Poems. One of these is in the Messrs. Crowell's excellent inexpensive editions of the poets,

with the editorial matter of Mr. W. M. Rossetti. The other is an edition de luxe in two volumes, printed on hand-made paper and illustrated with twenty photogravures from Rossetti's paintings. This also will contain his brother's notes, and will be published by Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.

'A Seventeenth Century Anthology,' compiled and edited by Mrs. Alice Meynell, is sent us by the H. M. Caldwell Co. of Boston as a specimen volume in their 'Red Letter Library,' a successful English series that has now found its way across the water. The book is of pocket size, well printed on soft paper, and prettily bound in crimson leather. The head-lines in red ink on each page give a distinctive touch, and presumably provide the basis for the name of the series. Twenty volumes are now ready, nearly half of which consist of Mrs. Meynell's selections from the poets. The other titles have introductions by critics of such note as Mr. Meredith, Professor Harrison, and Canon Beeching.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

October, 1864.

American Books in England. *World's Work.*
Calendar, Reform of the. C. H. Genung. *No. American.*
Campaign Issues. S. W. McCall, E. M. Shepard. *Atlantic.*
Canada's New Transcontinental Railway. *No. American.*
Changing One's Nature. E. T. B. *Atlantic.*
Chemistry as Modern Industrial Factor. *Rev. of Revs.*
China, What People Read in. *Review of Reviews.*
Closed Shop, The. Charles J. Bullock. *Atlantic.*
Congo Free State Conditions. Baron Moncheur. *No. Amer.*
Cossacks, The. David B. Macgowan. *Century.*
Csarism at Bay. Karl Blind. *No. American.*
Forestry, Yale Summer School of. *World's Work.*
Freight Car, A Night in a. H. C. Merwin. *Atlantic.*
Frontenac. Henry Loomis Nelson. *Harper.*
Geographers, Congress of. C. C. Adams. *Rev. of Revs.*
Ground, Inoculating the. G. H. Grosvenor. *Century.*
Intelligence Office, The. Frances A. Kellar. *Atlantic.*
Italian, The, in the United States. *World's Work.*
James, Henry. Elisabeth L. Cary. *Scribner.*
Japanese Spirit. N. Amenomori. *Atlantic.*
Jewett, Miss, Art of. C. M. Thompson. *Atlantic.*
Kuropatkin. Charles Johnston. *Review of Reviews.*
Lewis and Clark, New Material Concerning. *Century.*
Life Insurance, Great Questions in. *World's Work.*
Life, School of. Henry van Dyke. *Harper.*
Literature in New Century. Brander Matthews. *No. Am.*
Literary Critic, Mission of. G. Bradford, Jr. *Atlantic.*
Machinery and English Style. R. L. O'Brien. *Atlantic.*
Manchuria, Fighting in. T. F. Millard. *Scribner.*
Marshes. Lucy Scarborough Conant. *Harper.*
Mont St. Michel. Elizabeth R. Pennell. *Century.*
Moulders, The. Benjamin Brooks. *Scribner.*
Nile, On the. G. S. H. and R. de P. Tytus. *Harper.*
Nogi, Admiral. Shibus Shiro. *Review of Reviews.*
Occupations, Masculine and Feminine. *No. American.*
Othello. Algernon C. Swinburne. *Harper.*
Races, Modern, Making of. P. C. Mitchell. *No. Amer.*
Railroad, Rebuilding a Great. *World's Work.*
Railroad, The First Transcontinental. *Harper.*
Railway, Steepest, in the World. *Review of Reviews.*
Royal Academy, The. Fred. A. Eaton. *Scribner.*
'South, The Present.' Booker T. Washington. *Atlantic.*
Strikes, The Year's. V. S. Yarros. *Review of Reviews.*
Thames, The. Alice Meynell. *Atlantic.*
Toga, Admiral. Adachi Kinnosuke. *Century.*
Trusts, Real Dangers of. J. B. Clark. *Century.*
Tsar, Personality of the. *World's Work.*
Tuberculosis, Our Duty Regarding. *World's Work.*
Universe, Extent of the. Simon Newcomb. *Harper.*
Vacation Schools. Adele M. Shaw. *World's Work.*
Villas of Venetia and Genoa. Edith Wharton. *Century.*
War, Reminiscences of. Carmen Silva. *No. American.*
Watson, Thomas H. Walter Wellman. *Rev. of Reviews.*
West, Higher Education in. W. R. Harper. *No. Amer.*
World, The Opened. Arthur J. Brown. *Rev. of Reviews.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 100 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its issue of September 1.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

EMILE ZOLA, Novelist and Reformer: An Account of His Life and Work. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Illus., large Svo, gilt top, pp. 560. John Lane. \$3.50 net.
LIFE AND LETTERS OF EDWARD BYLES COWELL. By George Cowell, F.R.C.S. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large Svo, uncut, pp. 480. Macmillan Co. \$4. net.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI and his Circle (Cheyne Walk Life). By the late Henry Treffry Dunan; edited by Gale Pedrick; with prefatory note by W. M. Rossetti. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, uncut, pp. 96. James Pott & Co. \$1. net.

THE GREAT FRENCHMAN AND THE LITTLE GENEVESE. Trans. from Etienne Dumont's "Souvenir sur Mirabeau" by Lady Seymour. With portraits, large Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 275. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50 net.

IMPERATOR ET REX: William II. of Germany. By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Illus., Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 282. Harper & Brothers. \$2.25 net.

TITAN. By George Grunau. Illus., Svo, gilt top, pp. 322. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2. net.

MEMORIES OF JANE CUNNINGHAM CROLY ("Jennie June"). Illus., Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 233. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.

HISTORY.

MEN AND MANNERS OF THE THIRD REPUBLIC. By Albert D. Vandam. Illus., large Svo, uncut, pp. 310. James Pott & Co. \$3. net.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLICS. By Thomas C. Dawson. Part II. Illus., 12mo, pp. 513. "Story of the Nations." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

NAPOLEON'S BRITISH VISITORS AND CAPTIVES, 1801-1815. By John Goldworth Alger. Large Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 342. James Pott & Co. \$2.50 net.

EARLY WESTERN TRAVELS, 1748-1846. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, LL.D. Vol. VI. Brackenridge's Journal up the Missouri, 1811, and Franchère's Voyage to Northwest Coast, 1811-1814. Illus., large Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 410. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4. net.

THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS, 1493-1898. Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson; with historical Introduction and additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Vol. XVII., 1869-1876. Illus., large Svo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 337. Cleveland: Arthur H. Clark Co. \$4. net.

THE GREAT AMERICAN CANALS. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Vol. I., The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Pennsylvania Canal. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 231. "Historic Highways." Arthur H. Clark Co. \$2.50 net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF OREGON. Compiled by Sidona V. Johnson. Illus., 16mo, pp. 329. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1. net.

THE HISTORIC "GENERAL": A Thrilling Episode of the Civil War. By Randell W. McBryde. Illus., 12mo, pp. 55. Chattanooga: MacGowan & Cooke Co.

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MANUAL OF GERMANY ETYMOLOGY, in Its Relation to English. By Max Straube. Abridged edition. 12mo, pp. 290. New York: Albright Publishing Co. \$1.50.

[Oct. 1,

THE AMERICAN JEWISH YEAR BOOK, 1904-5. Edited by Cyrus Adler and Henrietta Szold. 12mo, pp. 502. Jewish Publication Society.

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